

Raining Now

He always said
The rain always made him think of me
Because it was raining
That time
But I don't remember the rain
And never told him that and
Wondered
If he really did
Or if he was just being corny

I remember the thud
Of the Sunday Times on my doorstep
In the morning and his arms
But I didn't tell him
That because it sounded
too ordinary

-- Gerda Penfold

Echo Park, Calif. 90026

Meeting God out of Gare Lyon

One of those nights waiting
for trains:
Grenoble then on to Cannes
drunk on good wine
all the young girls gone
to bed
just bawds and drunks
soldiers and tramps

the hip
sleep it out on benches
waiting for morning.

I find my car first
class compartment
pull the shades,
alone lie down across the seat &
sleep to 4 a.m.

@ dawn there are roses,
lilacs, tulips, violets, incense
and a girl on hash
seated nude
on the red seat across from me
her flight bag filled with heather.